

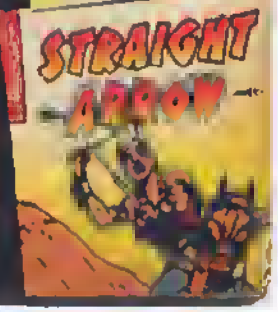
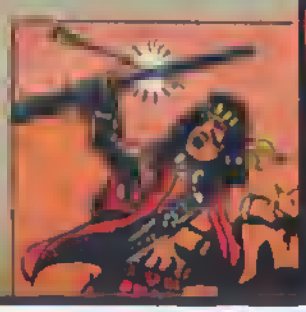
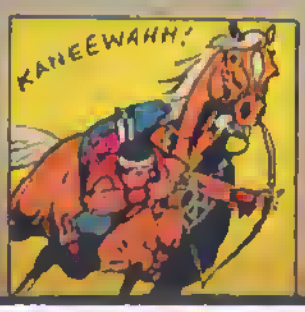
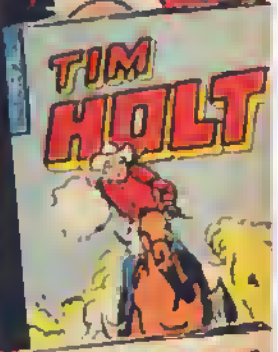
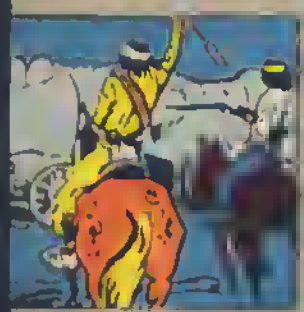
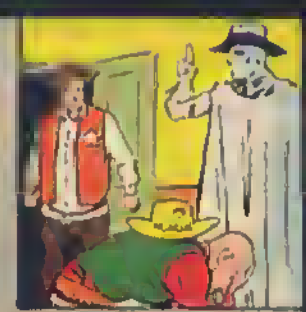
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THE 7th BIG ISSUE OF-

BEST OF THE WEST

NO. 7



[illegible]



HEY KIDS!

make your own INDIAN OUTFIT



INDIAN MOCCASIN KIT

Complete materials as follows: Authentic Indian moccasin pattern and work sheet, sufficient leather to construct pair up to and including men's size 12, 2 ounces of pony type beads, needle, thread and beeswax. For boys and girls. Price \$2.95



LARGE INDIAN HEADDRESS

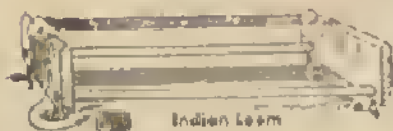
Kit includes: 1 set 30 imitation Eagle tail feathers 10 to 12 inches long, 1 set 30 base plumes, 1 set 30 tip plumes, 1 set 30 leather strips, 1 set 30 felt strips, 1 cloth crown, 1 lace, 1 tube glue, 1 bunch black horsehair, 2 yds. linen thread, 1 imitation beadship for front, 1 pair imitation beaded tassels, 2 fur strips, illustrations and descriptions for assembly. Price \$3.45

AUTHENTIC INDIAN BEADWORK KIT

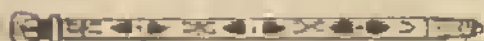


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Fully Illustrated Catalog. Send 30c to cover postage

GHOST RIDER

the

THE BOOK WAS FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD. ITS LEATHER WAS DRY AND CRACKING — ITS PARCHMENT PAGES WERE CURLING AND YELLOW... BUT TO READ IT MEANT DEATH! BLACK MAGIC HAD GUIDED ITS AUTHOR'S PEN — AND THE ANCIENT SPELL WAS AS POTENT AS EVER WHEN THE GHOST RIDER, DEFEATING EVIL, SLOWLY OPENED...

"THE
BOOK
OF
DOOM"

ATERS



LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO THIS MAN OF SCIENCE, BRAVE AND IMPERTURABLE, LIFTED THE MASSIVE COVER OF THE BOOK OF DOOM. NOW — BEREFT OF HIS SENSES, HE RUNS FRENZIEDLY —

—TO HIS DOOM!

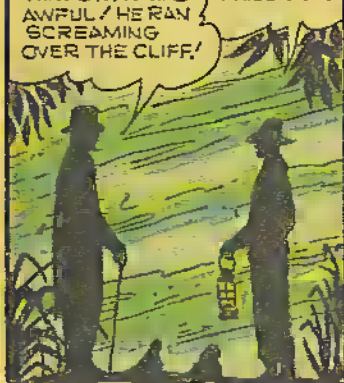
STAND BACK!
DON'T COME
CLOSER! NO!
NO!



THE NEXT MORNING —

I WARNED HIM, SHERIFF — BUT HE INSISTED ON OPENING THE BOOK OF DOOM! I HEARD HIS CRIES LAST NIGHT AND SAW HIM THRU MY WINDOW, IT WAS AWFUL! HE RAN SCREAMING OVER THE CLIFF!

I'M NOT MUCH FER BOOK-LEARNING! TELL ME ABOUT THIS BOOK, MR. PHILBRICK.



"FLORIO WAS A HEADSMAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES. HE ALSO PRACTISED BLACK MAGIC... IT IS WRITTEN THAT BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL PHILTRE, FLORIO IMPRESSED THE SPIRITS OF HIS VICTIMS INSIDE THE BOOK, KNOWN NOW TO SCHOLARS AS THE BOOK OF DOOM..."



"FLORIO LAID A CURSE ON THE BOOK. FOR MANY YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH NO ONE DARED OPEN IT..."



"EDWARD, THE BRAVE, WAS THE FIRST ONE WHO DARED. THIS WAS IN 1399..."



"NO ONE KNOWS WHAT EDWARD SAW... BUT HE RAN SCREAMING FROM THE CASTLE WHERE THE BOOK LAY — ONLY TO DIE HORRIBLY UNDER THE HOVES OF THE FRIGHTENED HORSES OF A PASSING BAND OF CRUSADERS..."



"PAUL LEDUC, A SCIENTIST, WAS THE SECOND MAN TO DARE OPEN THE BOOK OF DOOM. THIS WAS IN 1784..."



"THOSE WHO SAW LEDUC'S FACE AFTERWARDS, SAID IT WAS FROZEN WITH HORROR! THE POOR MAN RAN SIGHTLESSLY INTO A NEARBY LAKE. HE DROWNED, STILL SCREAMING..."



THE BOOK HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR YEARS—IT WAS NEVER OPENED AGAIN TILL LAST NIGHT. MR. BRANDON—A HISTORIAN—INSISTED ON OPENING IT. HIS SPECIALTY WAS THE MIDDLE AGES. HE WOULD NOT BE DISSUADED.

HE HAD A DAUGHTER. GUESS SHE'LL BE HERE SOON TO CLAIM THE BODY!!!



THREE WEEKS LATER—

MISS PEARL BRANDON? I AM SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER. HE WAS A GREAT SCHOLAR!!!

YOU MUST BE MR. PHILBRICK!!! I WISH TO MAKE CLEAR, SIR, THAT I HAVE NOT COME TO WEEP AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE. I AM HERE TO COMPLETE HIS RESEARCH ON THE BOOK OF DOOM!!!

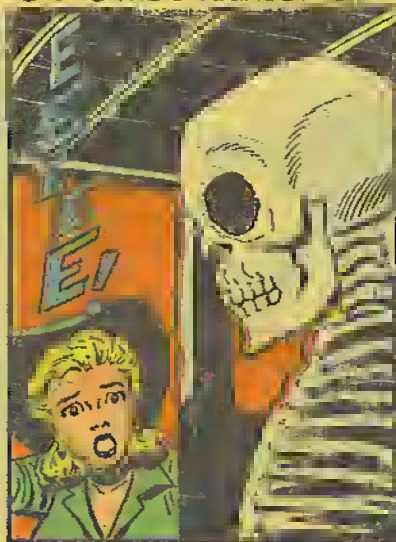


I BEG YOU!!! THE BOOK IS CURSED—TO OPEN IT IS TO DIE!

THIS IS THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, MR. PHILBRICK—I DO NOT BELIEVE IN CURSES. IS THIS THE COACH THAT WILL TAKE ME TO MY HOTEL?



BUT AS THE STERN-FACED GIRL OPENS THE CARRIAGE DOOR—



LOOK—THE SPECTRE OF THE HEADSMAN ITSELF! IT'S A WARNING! PLEASE, MISS BRANDON—GO BACK EAST! GIVE UP THIS CURSED BOOK! I BEG YOU!

TAKE ME TO MY HOTEL, PLEASE. I... FEEL... FAINT!!!



AT THE HOTEL, IN HER ROOM!!!

FATHER'S RESEARCH OF THE BOOK OF DOOM WAS ALL HE NEEDED TO COMPLETE HIS GREATEST STUDY. I MUST CARRY ON FOR HIM! BUT DO I DARE...? FOR FATHER'S SAKE, I MUST DARE!



THE LIGHTS HAVE DIMMED... WHY HAVE THE LIGHTS DIMMED...?



AND SO THAT NIGHT, PEARL BRANDON STEALS THROUGH A WINDOW INTO THE LIBRARY OF THE PHILBRICK HOUSE WHERE THE BOOK OF DOOM IS KEPT!!!

FALTERINGLY, PEARL BRANDON LIFTS THE MASSIVE COVER... THERE IS AN EERIE HISSING - AND SHE IS ENVELOPED BY A BLOODY-RED MIST!!!



CAN'T BREATHE... MY EYES FEEL SO HEAVY...

AND THEN -

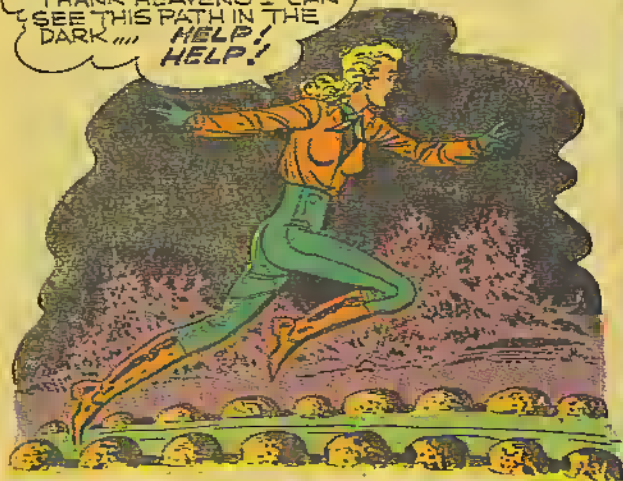


THE HEADSMAN'S VICTIMS... EEEEEEE!

NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!



THANK HEAVENS I CAN SEE THIS PATH IN THE DARK... HELP! HELP!



A CLIFF! I'M GOING TO UNHH!



LASSOED YOU JUST IN TIME, MA'AM. YOU WERE RUNNING OVER THE CLIFF -

THERE WAS THE RED MIST... AND THEN THE SPIRITS ROSE FROM THE DARK AND... JOSEPH... REACHED FOR ME WITH THEIR SLIMY HANDS...



THE PATH... I FOLLOWED THE PATH... WHO ARE YOU? W-WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE?

I WAS TAKING A SHORT CUT OVER THE MOUNTAIN. I'M REX FURY, A FEDERAL MARSHAL. THE SHERIFF OUT HERE GENT WORD ABOUT A GANG OF OWLHOOTS OPERATING IN THIS TERRITORY - JEWEL AND GOLD DUST ROBBERIES... WHAT'S THAT ON THE GROUND?

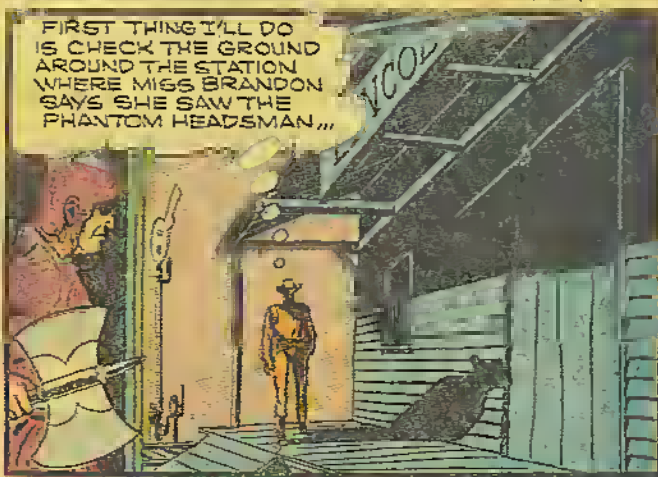


NO WONDER YOU FOLLOWED THE PATH RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF — IT'S LINED WITH PHOSPHORESCENT STONES, / SOMEONE MEANT FOR YOU TO GET KILLED, MA'AM, I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU'RE STAYING, AND ON THE WAY, I WANT TO HEAR WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT,"



AFTER HEARING PEARL BRANDON'S STORY —

FIRST THING I'LL DO IS CHECK THE GROUND AROUND THE STATION WHERE MISS BRANDON SAYS SHE SAW THE PHANTOM HEADSMAN,"



REX WALKS FORWARD, HIS BROW FURROWED WITH THOUGHT. THE ONLY SOUND HE HEARS IS THE *CLICK-CLACK* OF HIS OWN BOOTS ON THE ROUGH-HEWN STATION PLATFORM

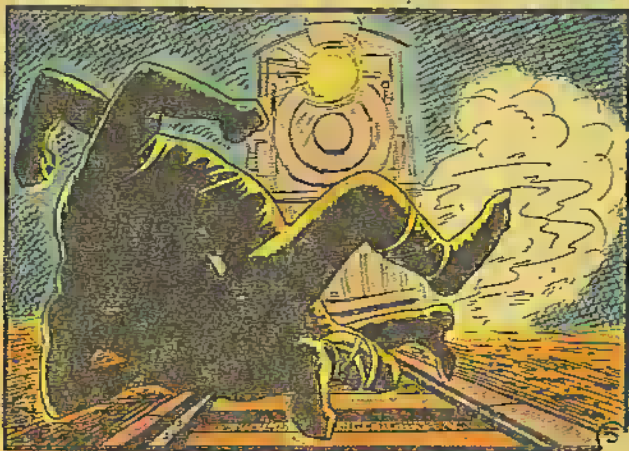


SUDDENLY —

THAT SHADOW!



BUT THE HEADSMAN FIGHTS BACK FURIOUSLY, / HE AND FURY FALL, ROLL FORWARD, AND GRAPPLE ON THE RAILROAD TRACK, DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE ONRUSHING LINCOLN EXPRESS!



THE TRAIN ^{AND} HE DOESN'T
SEE THE TRAIN ^{AND} HAVE TO
PULL AWAY IF I CAN — DON'T
HAVE TIME TO SAVE HIM ^{AND}



A SPLIT SECOND LATER —!



SHUDDERING, FURY LEAVES
THE STATION — AND QUICKLY
DONS THE SHROUD-LIKE
REGALIA OF THAT GRIM
SCOURGE OF EVIL, **THE
GHOST RIDER.**

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
LEFT TO PIERCE THIS WEB
OF MYSTERY — I'LL OPEN
THE BOOK OF DOOM
MYSELF!



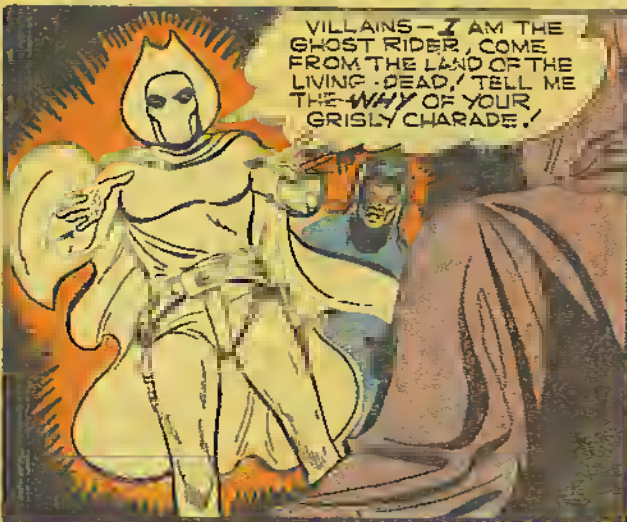
AS I LIFTED THE COVER, A
GLASS PELLET BROKE — AND
NOW A RED GAS IS RISING.
IF NOT FOR MY MASK, I
WOULD BE OVERCOME ^{AND}
I'LL FEIGN UNCONSCIOUSNESS
— AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.



THE VILLAINS, I SEE HOW IT
IS DONE, HE WHO OPENS THE
BOOK BLACKS OUT
TEMPORARILY BECAUSE OF
THE MIST — AND BY THE TIME
HE OPENS HIS EYES, THE
FALSE PHANTOMS HAVE
ALREADY TROOPED IN ^{AND}!



VILLAINS — I AM THE
GHOST RIDER, COME
FROM THE LAND OF THE
LIVING DEAD, TELL ME
THE ~~WHY~~ OF YOUR
GRISLY CHARADE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE GHOST
RIDER GLIMPSES BEHIND HIM —

THE HEADSMAN, BUT
YOU ARE DEAD! YOU
WERE CRUSHED UNDER
THE WHEELS OF THE
ONRUSHING TRAIN ^{AND}

DEAD, AM I?
STAND STILL
FOR ONE
SECOND — AND
YOU'LL SEE
HOW DEAD
I AM!



THE GHOST RIDER ACTS AS IF MESMERIZED. TURNING, HE LEANS OVER THE BOOK OF DOOM—



THERE IS A LATCH ON THE BACK COVER. IT SLIDES OPEN. IN THE CABINET BELOW I SEE SPARKLING DIAMONDS AND BAGS OF GOLD DUST!!!

AND—



Y-YUH KILLED THUH GHOST RIDER, BOSS!!!

THERE'S NO TIME TO CELEBRATE! THE LAW'LL BE DOWN ON US AS SOON AS WORD GETS AROUND! WE'RE MOVING OUT OF THIS TERRITORY TONIGHT! GIVE ME AN HOUR'S HEAD START— THEN VANISH!



THAT MUST'VE BEEN BROWNELL WHO GOT KILLED BY THE TRAIN. I GAVE HIM MY SPARE HEADSMAN OUTFIT AND SENT HIM AFTER FURY!!! TOO BAD WE WON'T BE ABLE TO USE THE BOOK OF DOOM ANY MORE. ONCE WE'RE SET UP AGAIN, I'LL HAVE TO THINK UP A NEW HIDING PLACE FOR OUR LOOT!!!



BUT JUST AS PHILBRICK CLEARS THE HOUSE —

STAND FAST, MR. PHILBRICK! I GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE GHOST RIDER TONIGHT. HE TOLD ME TO STOP ANYBODY THAT COME OUTA YORE HOUSE TONIGHT!

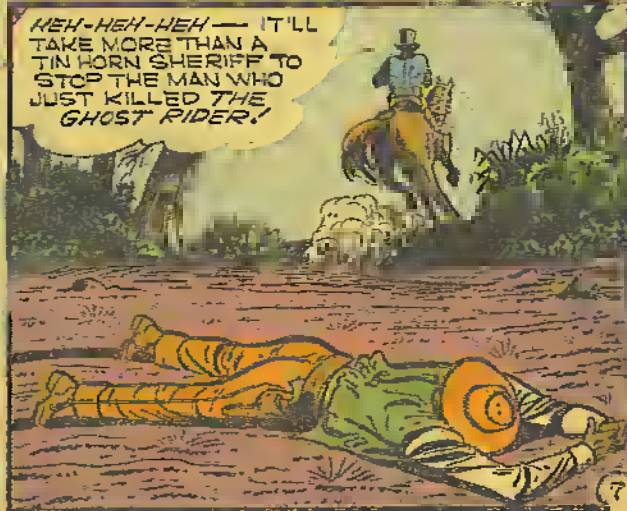
THE PELLETS WITH THE RED GAS—I HAVE SOME IN MY POCKET.



YI-WHAT'S THET SMOKE? MY EYES!!! I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN!!!

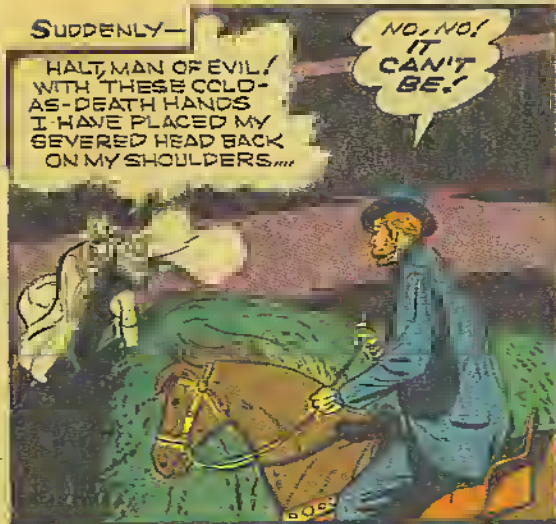


HEH-HEH-HEH — IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A TIN HORN SHERIFF TO STOP THE MAN WHO JUST KILLED THE GHOST RIDER!





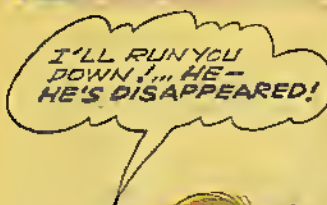
HEH-HEH-HEH — I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK ON THAT GIRL'S FACE AT THE STATION WHEN SHE SAW THE SKELETON I HAD PLANTED IN THE COACH !!!



SUDDENLY—

HALT, MAN OF EVIL! WITH THESE COLD-AS-DEATH HANDS I HAVE PLACED MY SEVERED HEAD BACK ON MY SHOULDERS....

NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE!



I'LL RUN YOU DOWN!... HE— HE'S DISAPPEARED!



A QUICK CAPE REVERSAL FROM WHITE TO BLACK MADE ME DISAPPEAR AGAINST THE BLACK NIGHT — NOW TO CROSS TO WHERE THE ROAD CURVES BACK !!!



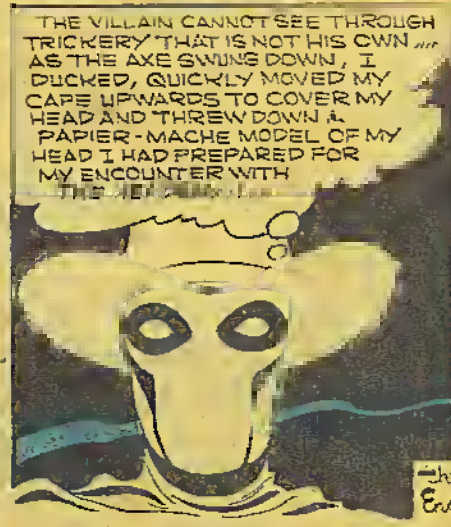
NO! NO! I GIVE UP!

THE MAN WHO BEHEADED THE GHOST RIDER GIVES UP SO EASILY? I AM ASTOUNDED!



HERE IS YOUR CULPRIT, SHERIFF. THE BOOK OF DOOM WAS THE CREATION OF HIS EVIL IMAGINATION. HE THOUGHT TO ERECT A BARRIER OF FEAR AROUND THE CABINET WHERE HIS LOOT WAS CACHED — BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, THE FALSE LEGEND ATTRACTED MR. BRANCON !!!

HIS HEAD... I KNOW I CUT HIS HEAD OFF. AM I LOSING MY MIND?



THE VILLAIN CANNOT SEE THROUGH TRICKERY THAT IS NOT HIS OWN. AS THE AXE SWUNG DOWN, I DUCKED, QUICKLY MOVED MY CAPE UPWARDS TO COVER MY HEAD AND THREW DOWN A PAPIER-MACHE MODEL OF MY HEAD I HAD PREPARED FOR MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE HEADLESS MAN.



**YOU CAN BE
THE GHOST RIDER!**

**ONLY
\$1.00**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THIS WEIRD SCARF
THAT BECOMES A REAL
GHOST RIDER MASK
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

A jet-black scarf
...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER, bannered
on it...and a SPOOKY
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...



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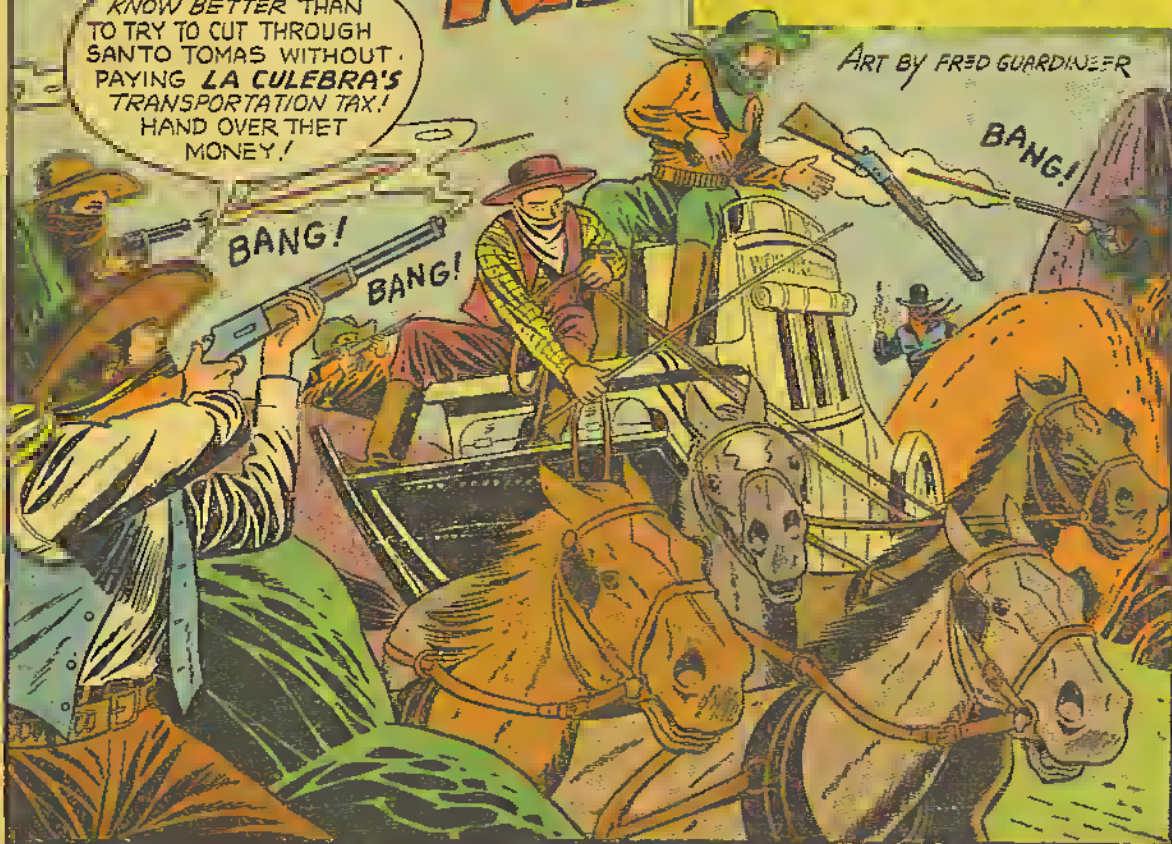
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The DURANGO KID

YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO CUT THROUGH SANTO TOMAS WITHOUT PAYING LA CULEBRA'S TRANSPORTATION TAX! HAND OVER THE MONEY!

ONE OF THE MOST AMBITIOUS OUTLAWS EVER TO INVADE THE WEST WAS LA CULEBRA! NOT CONTENT WITH HERE OUTLAWRY, THIS POWER-HUNGRY DEMAGOGUE GRABBED OFF A LARGE TRACT OF LAND AND, ALONG WITH SOME OF THE WORST JUNKIES IN THE COW-COUNTRY, TRIED TO SET UP A "SIX-GUN EMPIRE!"

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER



LATER... AND THEN HE GIVES ME THIS "RECEIPT" FOR ALL THE MONEY WE WERE CARRYING AND TELLS ME IT'S OKAY TO PASS ON THROUGH!

LA CULEBRA AGAIN! IF ONLY THE CAVALRY WASN'T WEAKENED SO BY THE WAR, WE'D HAVE THIS STOPPED IN NO TIME!

THE CAVALRY! DON'T TELL ME YOU NEED THE CAVALRY TO FIGHT AN ORDINARY OUTLAW?

LA CULEBRA ISN'T AN "ORDINARY" OUTLAW, STEVE. HE'S ONE OF THE CLEVEREST, MOST POWERFUL COYOTES EVER TO COME WEST. ALL DURING THE WAR HE RAN RAMPANT, ROBBING, KILLING AND BUILDING UP HIS BAND OF THIEVES, CUTTHROATS AND THE SCUM OF THE WEST!

CHIEF U.S. MARSHALL
WYATT EARP

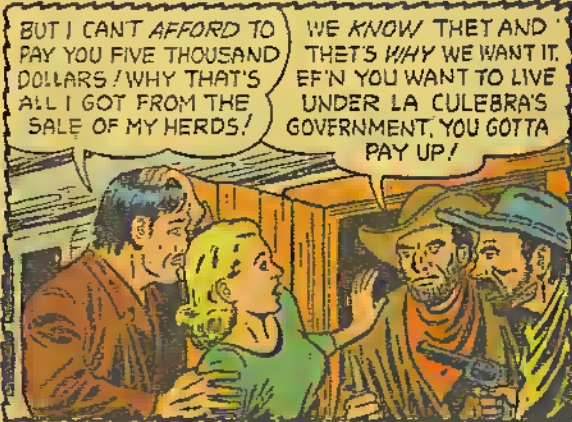
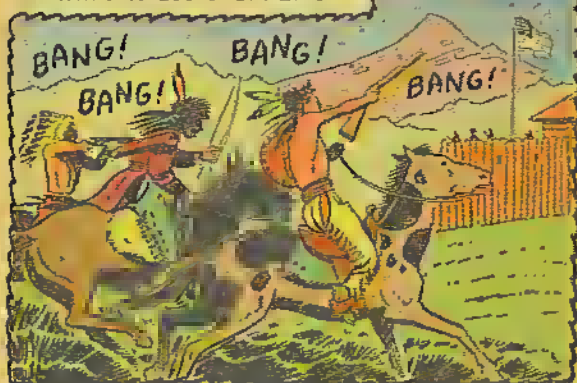




"BUT HE WASN'T CONTENT WITH PLAIN OUTLAWRY, PREYING ON THE WEAKNESS OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, HE SET OUT TO BUILD AN EMPIRE! HE BEGAN BY SIGNING TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS AND USING THEM TO COMBAT WHAT LITTLE OPPOSITION THE CAVALRY COULD OFFER..."



"HE SENT HIS TAX COLLECTORS AROUND TO THE RANCHERS IN THE SANTO TOMAS VALLEY, PRACTICALLY DRIVING MOST OF THEM OUT WITH EXORBITANT DEMANDS..."



"CUTTHROATS, WHOSE ONLY KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAW WAS WHAT THEY LEARNED FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BAR, WERE APPOINTED JUDGES...AND THERE WAS NO APPEAL FROM THEIR SENTENCES..."



THIS LA CULEBRA RUNS THE SANTO TOMAS VALLEY WITH AN IRON HAND AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.

EVEN THE DURANGO KID WOULD HAVE TROUBLE WITH HIM!

WHO IS THIS LA CULEBRA, ANYWAY, MARSHALL?

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW EXACTLY, AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL, NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN HIM IN PERSON.

MULEY, SUPPOSE YOU SADDLE UP OUR HORSES AND GET READY FOR A LITTLE TRIP I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK...



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN SIN CITY, THE 'CAPITAL' OF SANTO TOMAS...





THAT NIGHT...

ON THAT STAGE
APPROACHING IS TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF WELLS
FARGO PAYROLL. RIDING TRIGGER ON IT IS
DEPUTY MARSHALL MULEY PIKE. WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF THE PAYROLL. YOUR JOB,
DURANGO, WILL BE TO TAKE CARE OF
PIKE. UNDERSTAND? HOSS HERE WILL
RIDE WITH YOU TO SEE NO MISTAKE
IS MADE.

THEY WANT
ME TO KILL
MULEY!
AND IF I
DON'T
SOMEONE
ELSE WILL!
I'VE GOT TO
ACT FAST!

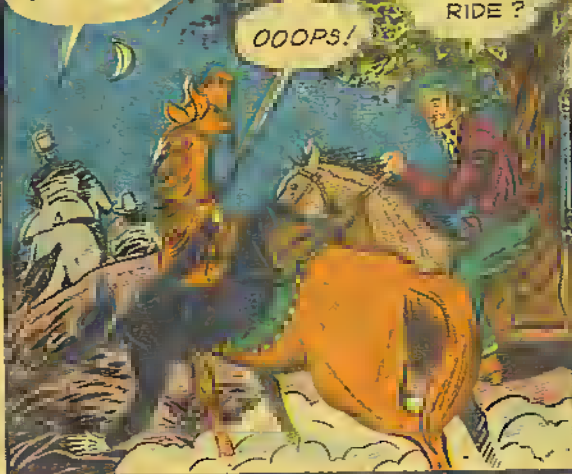


ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN,
LET'S RIDE!

HERE GOES
NOTHING!

WHATS A MATTER,
DURANGO,
CAIN'T YOU
RIDE?

OOOPS!

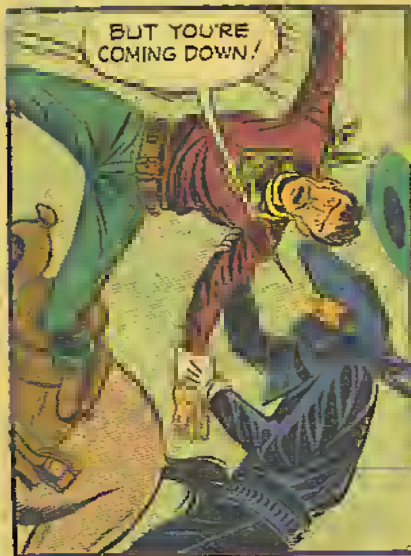


COME ON,
GIT UP!

I'M UP,
BUT...



BUT YOU'RE
COMING DOWN!



THAT OUGHT TO HOLD
YOU FOR A WHILE! NOW TO
DO SOME FAST
RIDING!



LUCKILY
I HAD MY "CHANGE"
NEARBY! IF THE DURANGO KID IS
IN WITH THE OUTLAWS, **STEVE
BRAND** 'LL HAVE TO
TAKE OVER....!



MEANWHILE...

THAT'S YOUR CUE,
DURANGO! GET MULEY
AND - HEY, HE'S
GONE!

EEEYOOOWW!

BANG! BANG! BANG!





WHY THAT DIRTY
DOUBLE-CROSSING
-GNNNG!

ATTA BOY,
STEVE! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!



ALL RIGHT,
YOU RANNIES, DROP
THOSE IRONS!

MOUNT YOUR STEEDS
AND BE OFF, MEN! WE'RE
OUTMANEUVERED!



LET'S
GIT 'EM,
PODNUH!
HOLD IT, MULEY! WE DON'T
WANT THEM NOW. STUFF
THE MONEY IN THIS
PILLOW CASE AND LET
THE STAGE GO ON! I'VE GOT
A PLAN. NOW LISTEN
CAREFULLY...



LATER...

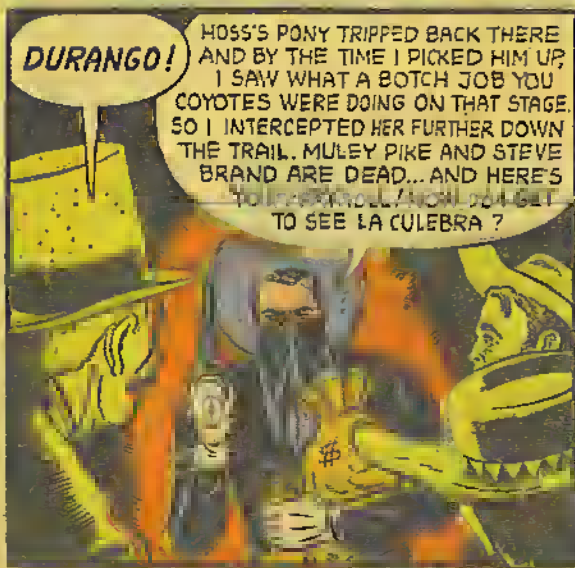
DURANGO GOT
COLD FEET AND
BEAT IT! I KNEW
HE COULDN'T BE
TRUSTED!

AND SO, WE GOT ONE
THING OUT OF THE
EXPEDITION THIS
EVENING. WE
KNOW THE DURANGO
KID IS NOT TO BE
TRUSTED.



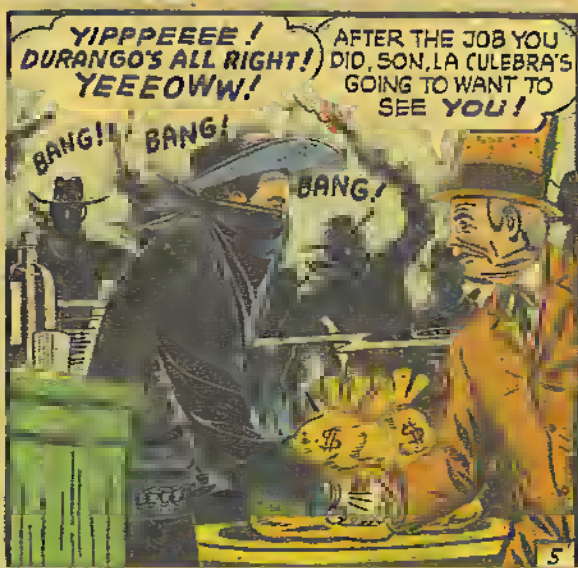
WAL, EF'N I
EVER RUN ACROST
THET DURANGO KID,
I'LL --

YOU'LL
DO
WHAT?



DURANGO!

HOSS'S PONY TRIPPED BACK THERE
AND BY THE TIME I PICKED HIM UP,
I SAW WHAT A BOTCH JOB YOU
COYOTES WERE DOING ON THAT STAGE.
SO I INTERCEPTED HER FURTHER DOWN
THE TRAIL. MULEY PIKE AND STEVE
BRAND ARE DEAD... AND HERE'S
TO SEE LA CULEBRA?



YIPPEEEEE!
DURANGO'S ALL RIGHT!
YEEEOWW!

AFTER THE JOB YOU
DID, SON, LA CULEBRA'S
GOING TO WANT TO
SEE YOU!

BANG!! BANG!

BANG!

YES SIR, LA CULEBRA
IS REALLY GOING TO BE
ABLE TO USE YOU,
DURANGO!

WAIT!

CAPITOL BUILDING
SANTO TOMAS

ENTRANCE

THET DURANGO AIN'T
WITH US! HE DELIBERATELY
GOT ME OUTA THE WAY SO
HE COULD SIDE IN WITH THE
LAW! AN' I GOT THE SCARS
TO PROVE IT!

IS THIS MAN'S
ACCUSATION TRUE,
DURANGO? PERHAPS
WE'D BETTER CHECK
THOSE MONEY BAGS
BEFORE WE...

I HATE TO HIT AN OLD
MAN, JUDGE, BUT I CAN'T
USE CHIVALRY NOW!

YOU SEE,
I TOLD HE
WUZ -!

YOU TOLD HIM TOO MUCH
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD,
HOSS! HOW ABOUT
SWALLOWIN' SOME OF
THIS FIRST!

STOP HIM!
STOP THAT
MAN!

YOU'RE MAKING
TOO MUCH NOISE TOO,
JUDGE! SORRY.

NOW FOR
LA CULEBRA,
WHOEVER HE
MAY BE!

ALL RIGHT,
LA CULEBRA,
COME OUT OF
THERE!

AH, DURANGO, PUT
DOWN THAT GUN!
THAT IS NO WAY
TO ADDRESS -



... A LADY! BESIDES LA CULEBRA IS BUSY RIGHT NOW AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

YOU!

I WAS WATCHING YOU WITH THOSE PEONS OUT THERE, DURANGO. YOU WERE WONDERFUL.

LOOK, MISS, I... I'VE NO TIME FOR... FOR... WELL, I'VE GOT TO...



YOU'RE JUST STALLING SO LA CULEBRA CAN MAKE A GETAWAY! WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

OH, NO? PERHAPS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND, DURANGO!



THE POSSE'S ROUNDING UP ALL THE COYOTES IN SIN CITY RIGHT NOW, DURANGO. I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD.

GOOD! MAYBE WERE TOO LATE TO CATCH LA CULEBRA ALREADY! HE WAS IN THAT ROOM!

YOU'RE NOT TOO LATE, DURANGO. YOU NEED GO NO FURTHER, YOU SEE -



I AM LA CULEBRA! THE GAME'S UP - THERE'S NO SENSE OF FIGHTING ANY MORE...

WAL, I'LL BE...!

LATER...

GOSH, STEVE, WOULD YOU EVER THINK A PURTY GAL LIKE THET COULD BE SECH A DESPRIT OUTLAW?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT 'THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES,' MULEY. IT'S DEADLIER THAN THE MALE, TOO BAD...



THE END

STRAIGHT ARROW

STRAIGHT ARROW shot an arrow of gold in defense of Comanche Land—but he had no way of knowing that this was only the beginning of **MURDER**, of **DANGER**, of

"THE BIG FRAME-UP!"



SAM BARKER, BIG CATTLEMAN, RIDES WITH HIS HERD AND RIDERS OUT TOWARD COMANCHE TERRITORY...

KEEP YORE IRONS UNLIMBERED, MEN—THAR MIGHT BE TROUBLE!

I'M BAD IN NEED O' SUMMER GRAZIN'—AN' AS FUR AS I'M CONCERNED THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TUH GIT IT... **COMANCHELAND!**

I JUST HOPES THEM INJUNS PUT UP A HOWL—I'M ACHIN' TUH **PLUG** ONE O' THEM!



O'BRIEN, A NEW HAND,
SPEAKS UP...

I DUNNO, BARKER—HIT DON'T
DEEM FAIR TUH ME! THEM
COMANCHES GOT ANCIENT
RIGHTS TUH THEIR LAND,
I SHORE DIDN'T SIGN UP
FER THIS KINDA'
THING! THIS MIGHT
START WAR!

WHY-U-?



TALKIN' BACK, MUH?
GET 'IM UP, BLACKY!

RIGHT,
BOSS!



THIS'LL LARN YUH
THAT I'M BOSS 'ROUND
HVAR! YUH'LL DO
WHUT I SAY,
GET IT?

SLUG 'IM,
BOSS! I'M
HOLDIN' 'IM!



BUT SUDDENLY...

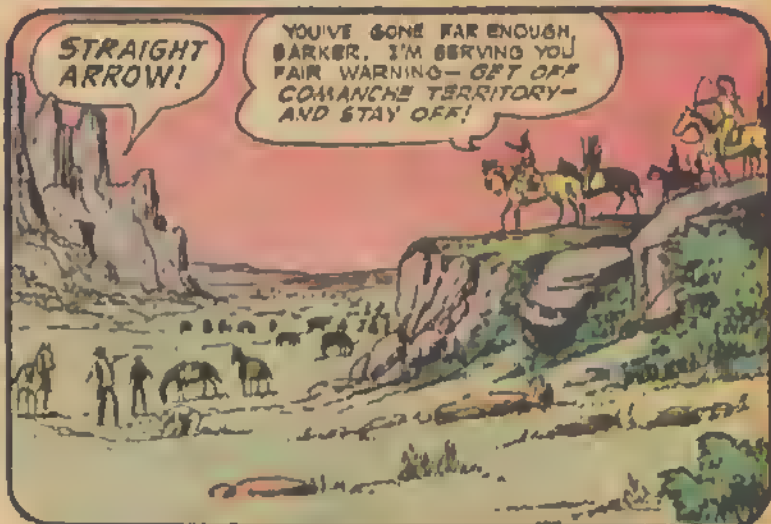
WHUT
TAH...

YUH!!!



STRAIGHT
ARROW!

YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH,
BARKER. I'M SERVING YOU
FAIR WARNING— GET OFF
COMANCHE TERRITORY—
AND STAY OFF!

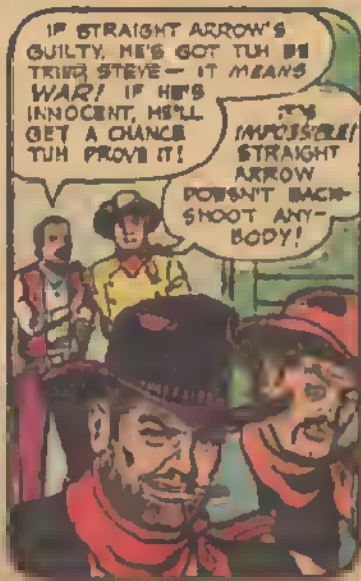
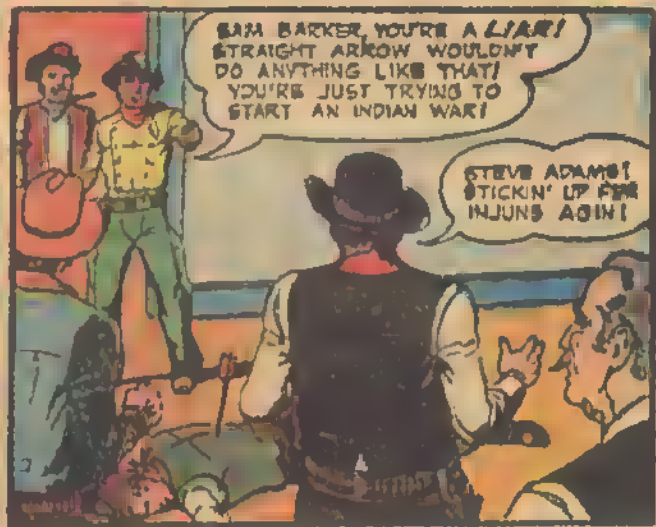
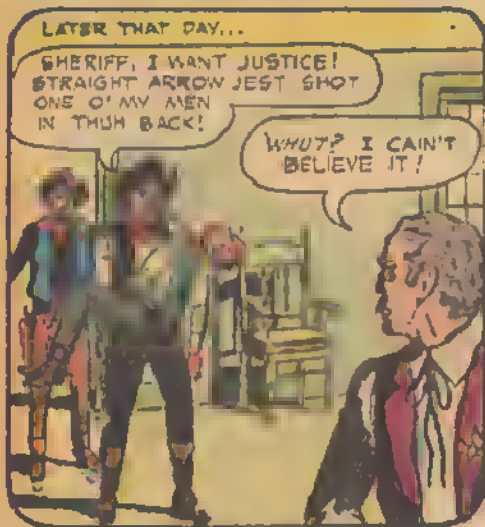


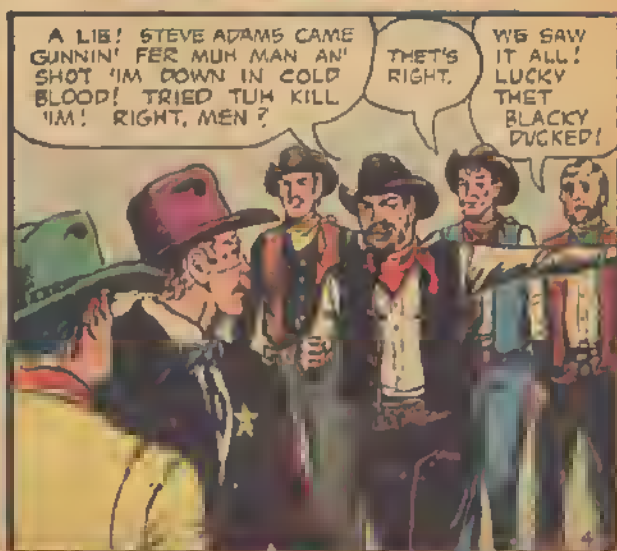
ALL RIGHT, STRAIGHT ARROW,
YUH GOT US COVERED, BUT
I'M TAKIN' THIS HYAR ARROW
BEE?— AS EVIDENCE THAT
YOU SHOT ME...



BUT I'M COMIN' BACK! AN'
YUH'LL GIT THIS ARROW BACK
WITH INTEREST!







SOME MIGHTY FUNNY THINGS
BEEN HAPPENIN' TODAY. FUST
STRAIGHT ARROW AN' NOW
YOU, STEVE! IT'S SHORE
HARD TUH BELIEVE,
BUT...



STEVE'S IN TROUBLE, ALL
RIGHT—AN' IT LOOKS LIKE
A FRAMEUP TUH ME! I
GOTTA GIT 'IM OUTA JAIL
SO HE KIN SET THINGS
TUH RIGHTS—AN' THAR'S
ONLY ONE WAY TUH
DO IT!



...BUT THAR'S ENOUGH
WITNESSES TUH MAKE A
CASE OF IT! I GOTTA
TAKE YUH TUH JAIL,
STEVE—FER
ATTEMPTED MURDER!

CAN'T YOU SEE
THEY'RE LYING,
SHERIFF?

WHUT
THUN—PIN!



THAT NIGHT...

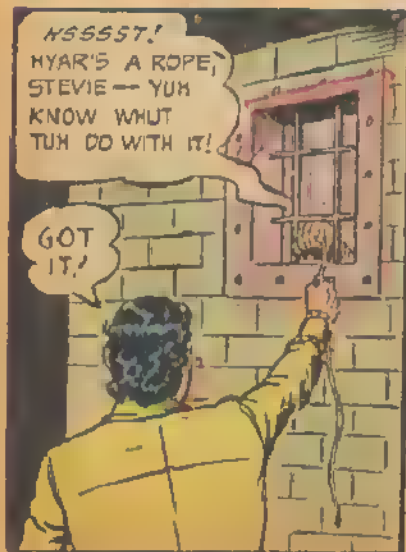
THIS WAY
COMANCHES—AN'
KEEP IT QUIET!

ANYTHING FOR STEVE
ADAMS, FRIEND OF THE
COMANCHES.



WSSSSST!
HYAR'S A ROPE,
STEVIE—YUH
KNOW WHUT
TUH DO WITH IT!

GOT
IT!

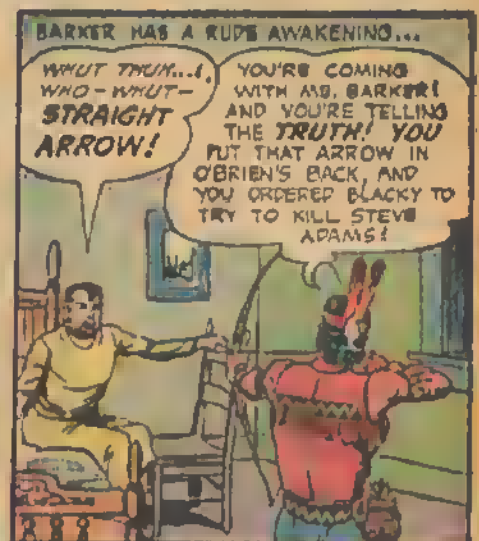
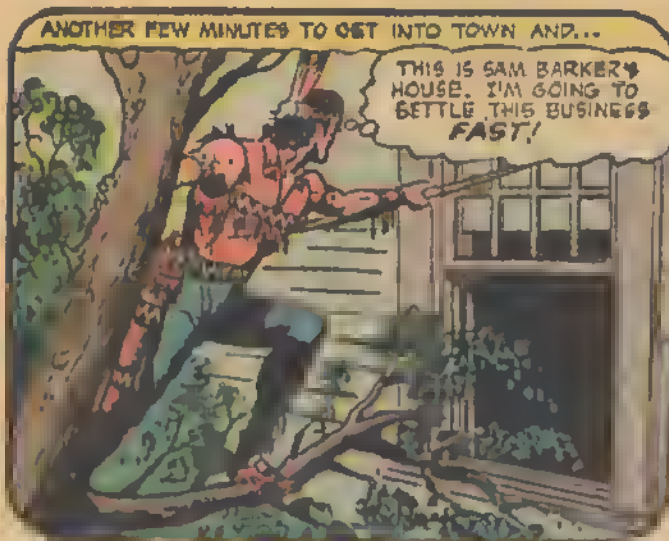
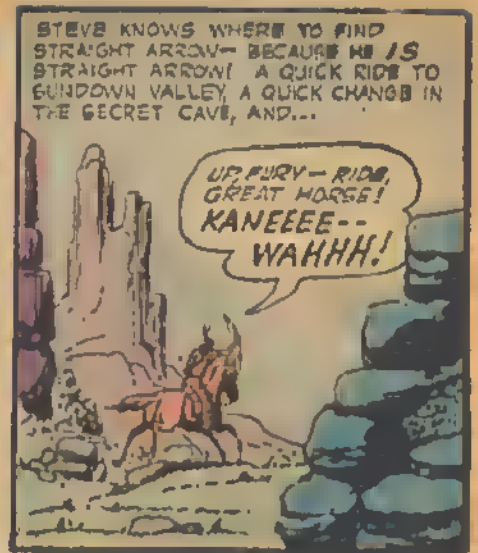
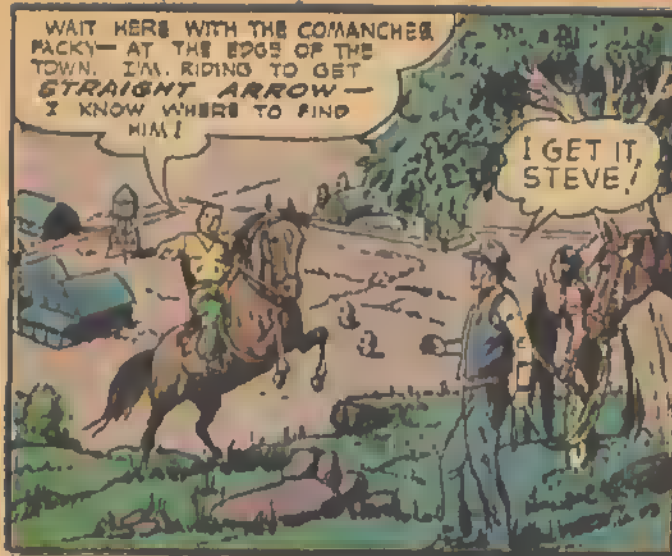


AND A MOMENT LATER

THANKS,
COMANCHES!

WE GOT A HOSS
FER YUH, STEVE!





BUT—SAM BARKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SECOND'S SURPRISE CAUSED BY THE SHERIFF'S ENTRANCE...

YUH KNOW
TOO MUCH,
SHERIFF!



...AND JUMPS OUT THE WINDOW...

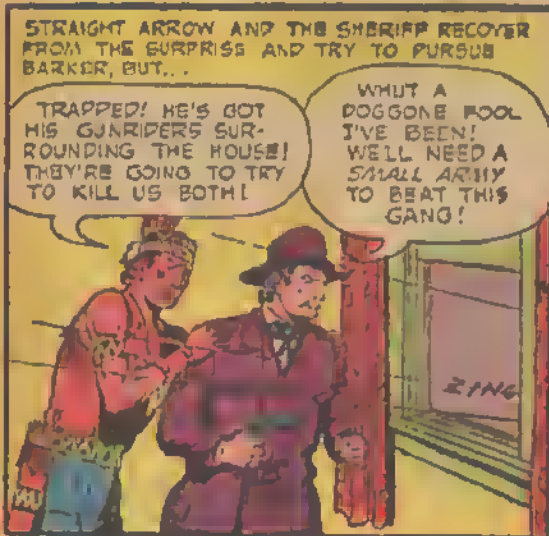
BLACKY! BOZO!
PETE! EVERYBODY—
GRAB IRON AN' COME
OUT SHOOTIN'!



STRAIGHT ARROW AND THE SHERIFF RECOVER FROM THE SURPRISE AND TRY TO PURSUE BARKER, BUT...

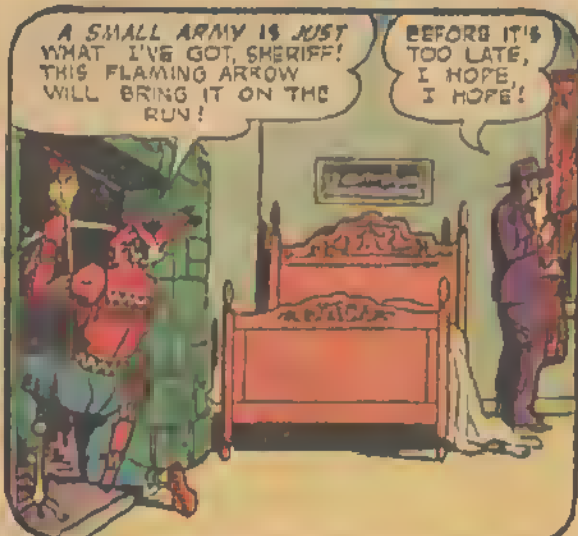
TRAPPED! HE'S GOT
HIS GUNRIDERS SUR-
ROUNDING THE HOUSE!
THEY'RE GOING TO TRY
TO KILL US BOTH!

WHUT A
DOGGONE FOOL
I'VE BEEN!
WE'LL NEED A
SMALL ARMY
TO BEAT THIS
GANG!



A SMALL ARMY IS JUST
WHAT I'VE GOT, SHERIFF!
THIS FLAMING ARROW
WILL BRING IT ON THE
RUN!

BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE,
I HOPE!
I HOPE!



AT THE EDGE OF TOWN...

THAT'S
STRAIGHT
ARROW'S
SIGNAL!

RIDE
WARRIORS!
—RIDE!

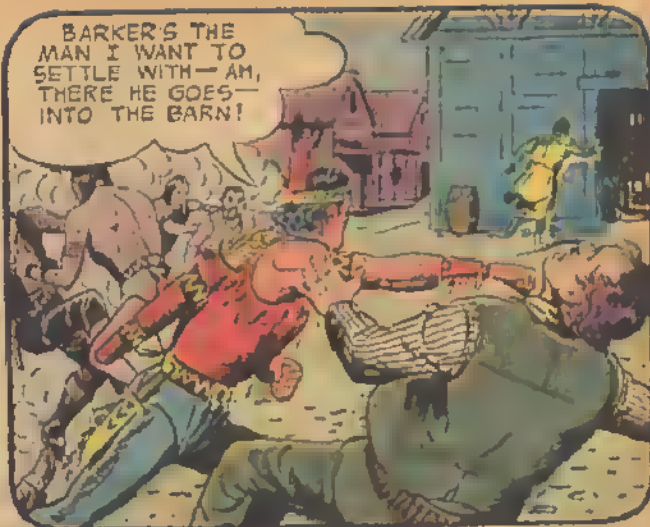


... AND A MOMENT LATER—

YIIIIII!!! INJUNS—
A WHOLE ARMY
OF THEM!

SCATTER!
HIT FER COVER!
WE'LL SHOOT
THIS OUT!





TIM HOLT

FOR MANY MOONS OLD FORT APACHE HAS BEEN ABANDONED BY EVERY LIVING THING. THE KEEN EYES OF INDIAN SENTINELS CAN FIND NO MOVEMENT WITHIN ITS WOODEN WALLS—UNTIL THE NIGHT THAT A GHOST MAKES ITS REFUGE THERE, AND BEGINS TO TERRORIZE THE APACHE HORDES!

WHEN **REDMASK** AND A WAGONTRAIN OF SETTLERS SEEK SHELTER THERE AGAINST MARAUDING REDMEN, THEY DISCOVER THAT THEY HAVE HOWLING INDIANS BEFORE THEM AND A PHANTOM OF FRIGHT BEHIND THEM! IS THERE ANY ESCAPE FROM THE APACHES, OR FROM—

"THE GHOST OF FORT APACHE!"



ONLY MOONLIGHT SILVERES THE OLD STOCKADE AND THE DARK BUILDINGS OF THE DESERTED FORT...

MY WARRIORS TELL ME OF THE GHOST THAT HAS COME TO LIVE WITHIN ITS WALLS. BUT I SEE NO SPIRIT MAN!



AND THEN A SCREAM OF UTTER MALIGNANCY RIPS THE QUIET NIGHT—

Aiiieeeee-HA-HA-HA!



WITH A HOWL OF TERROR—HIS GREASED HAIR STIFF ON HIS HEAD—GUTAHANEE, WARCHIEF OF THE MUMBRAND APACHES—FLEES IN HORROR...

THE GHOSTS OF THE DEAD SOLDIERS MY TRIBE AND I SLEW IN BATTLE!—THEY WILL CHASE ME!



BUT DAYLIGHT BRINGS SENSE BACK TO THE CANNY CHIEF—AND AT THE HEAD OF HIS WARRIORS HE RIDES INTO THE OLD FORT...



SUDDENLY—

A FIREBALL! IT CAME FROM THE AIR ITSELF!

A DEMON WEAPON! RUN! RUN!



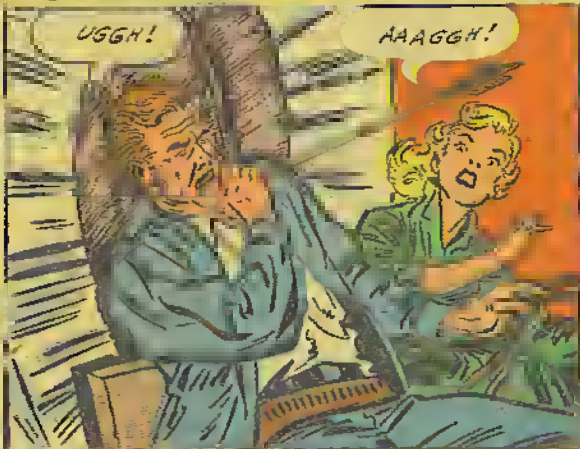
AIIIEEEEE-HA-HA-HA...!



RAGING WITH FRIGHT AND FURY, AND SEEKING TO SOOTHE HIS OUTRAGED PRIDE, GUTAHANEE HURLS HIS WARRIORS AT AN UNFORTUNATE WAGONTRAIN...

UGGH!

AAAGGH!



CAUGHT IN THE OPEN, UNABLE TO CLOSE IN A CIRCLE, THE SETTLERS ARE DOOMED...

YAAAAAEEEEEE! APACHE NOT KILL GHOST—BUT APACHE KILL PALEFACES!

MUCH LOOT! MANY SCALPS!



DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE, REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE TOOK HIS GREAT STALLION, SUN DANCE FORWARD...

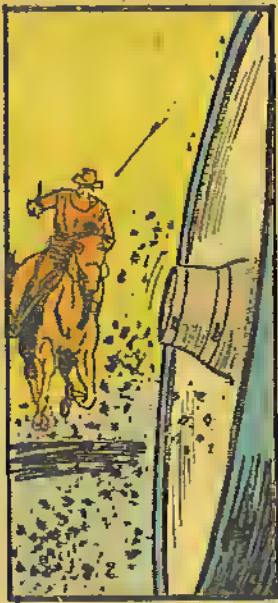
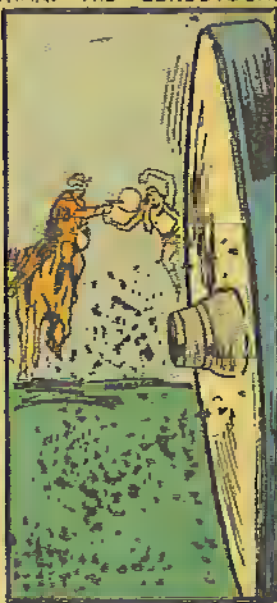
SETTLERS DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT APACHES! THEY'LL BE SLAUGHTERED LIKE SITTING DUCKS DOWN THERE!



IF I CAN GET NEAR ENOUGH TO THE WAGONE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE SOME OF THEM YET!



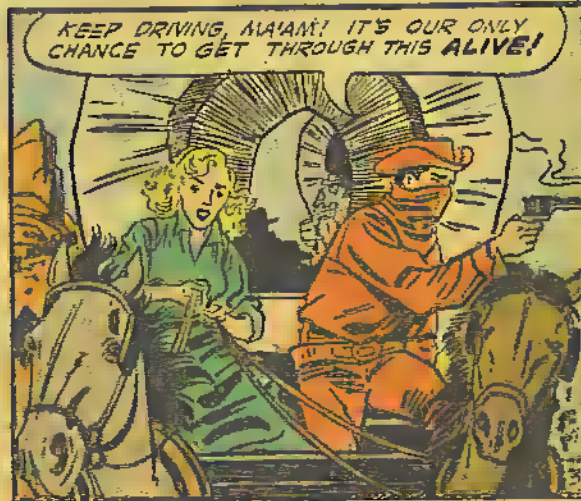
AT FULL GALLOP, REDMASK RACES IN. HIS SIXGUNS SPEAK AGAIN AND AGAIN! WITH HOT LEAD HE BLASTS A PATH TOWARD THE CONESTOGAS!



MOVE YOUR WAGONS! PRONTO!—
—BEFORE YOU'RE ALL KILLED! LEAVE
ALL YOUR WAGONS BUT THREE!



KEEP DRIVING, MA'AM! IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE TO GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE!



SUSPECTING A TRAP, THE APACHES DRAW BACK FROM THE ONRUSHING WAGONS—

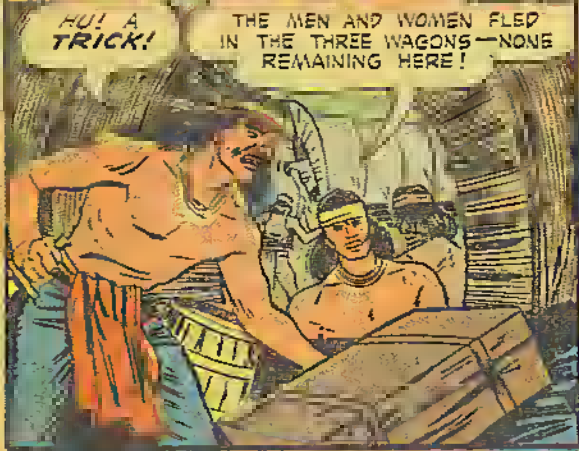
THEY MOVE THREE WAGONS—
LEAVING THE REST BEHIND!



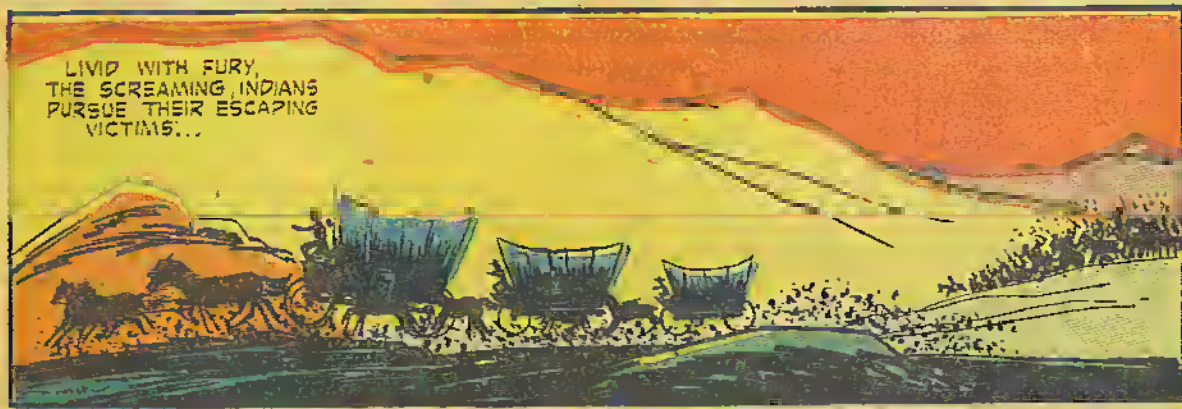
A DOZEN PAINTED WARRIORS RUSH TOWARD THE ABANDONED CONESTOGAS—

HUI! A
TRICK!

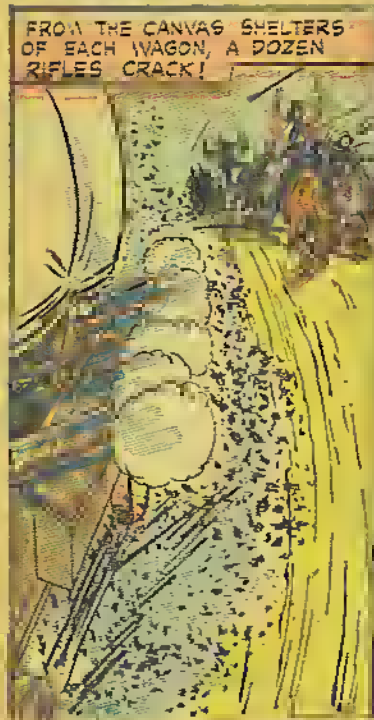
THE MEN AND WOMEN FLED
IN THE THREE WAGONS—NONE
REMAINING HERE!



LIVID WITH FURY,
THE SCREAMING INDIANS
PURSUE THEIR ESCAPING
VICTIMS...



FROM THE CANVAS SHELTERS
OF EACH WAGON, A DOZEN
RIFLES CRACK!



A RACE FOR LIFE ITSELF
BEGINS—



—THAT ENDS ONLY WHEN THE GATES
OF OLD FORT APACHE ARE SIGHTED!



A DOZEN HANDS LIFT THE OLD
BAR AND SLIDE IT IN PLACE!

THERE! THAT DOES IT!



BUT AS DUSK DROPS ITS
MANTLE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE,
THE APACHES SCALE THE WALL!

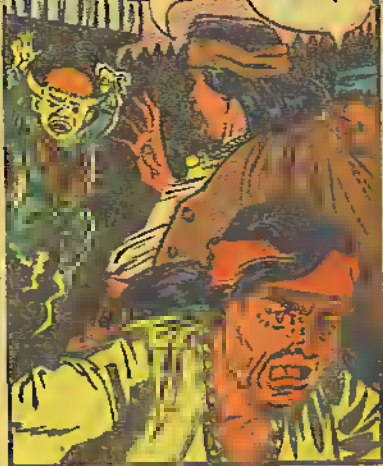
LOOK! THEY GOT INSIDE!



AND THEN—
RIIIEE-NA-HA! HA!

THE GHOST THAT SHINES
LIKE THE
MOON!

FLEE!



FORT APACHE GHOST
STILL LIVES!

WILL STEAL OUR SPIRITS
IF WE DO NOT RUN!

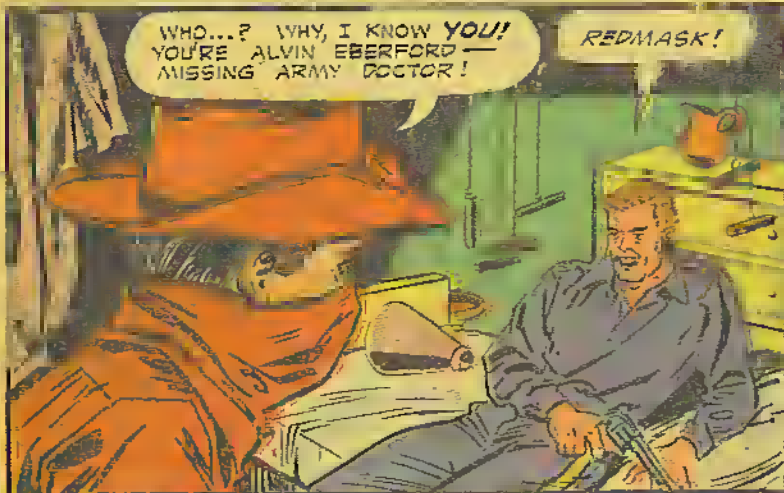


WHAT
WAS
IT?

THA-
THAT
AWFUL
SCREAM!

IT CAME
FROM THAT—
WHATEVER—
IT WAS ON
THE PARAPET!
STAND BACK!
I'M GOING UP!





WHO...? WHY, I KNOW YOU!
YOU'RE ALVIN EBERFORD—
MISSING ARMY DOCTOR!

REDMASK!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE? AND
THOSE WEIRD
FIGURES
ALONG THE
WALL? DID
YOU MAKE
THEM?

I HAD TO—OR
THE APACHES
WOULD HAVE
TAKEN MY
SCALP LONG
AGO! I TOOK
SICK, AND THE
FORT WAS THE
ONLY PLACE
WHERE I COULD
GET NEEDED REST!
I RIGGED UP THE
PUPPETS, SOME CHEMI-
CAL FIREBALLS, AND
SCARED THE DICKENS
OUT OF THE
REDSKINS!



I BROUGHT IN THREE WAGONS
OF SETTLERS, BUT WE'RE UP
AGAINST IT! WE LEFT WAGONS
BEHIND THAT HELD GUNPOWDER
AND LEAD! WE'RE OUT OF
BULLETS!



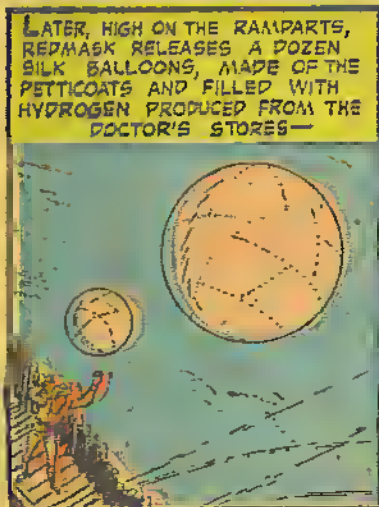
IF THERE WERE
ONLY SOME WAY
TO—DOES YOU
CAN HELP! YOU
HAVE YOUR
MEDICAL EQUIPMENT
WITH YOU?

SURE,
REDMASK—
BUT WHAT
GOOD'LL
IT DO?

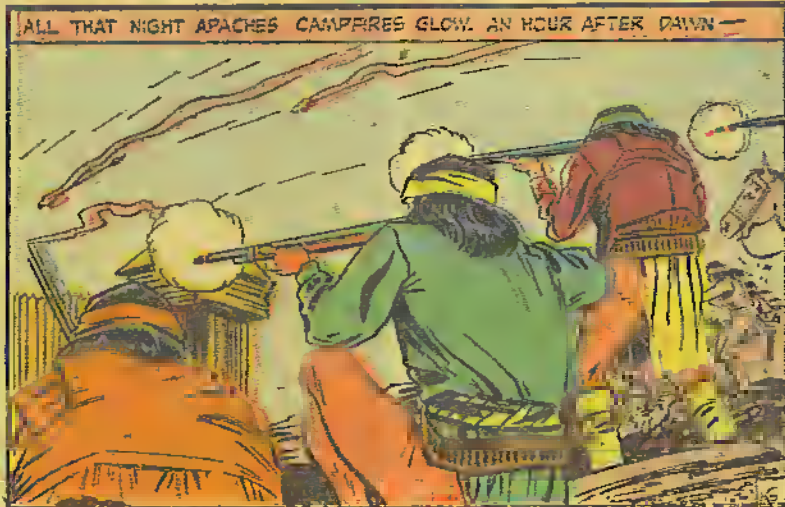


LADIES, I'M ASKIN'
YOU TO DONATE A
SILK PETTICOAT
EACH! IF MY IDEA
WORKS, WE HAVE
A FIGHTING
CHANCE!

WHAT'S
HE WANT
WITH
OUR SILK
PETTICOATS?



LATER, HIGH ON THE RAMPARTS,
REDMASK RELEASES A DOZEN
SILK BALLOONS, MADE OF THE
PETTICOATS AND FILLED WITH
HYDROGEN PRODUCED FROM THE
DOCTOR'S STORES—



ALL THAT NIGHT APACHES CAMPFIRES GLOW. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN—

THE GATE GOES DOWN! A DOZEN HOWLING INDIANS RACE THROUGH THE DOORWAY!



WE HAVE NO BULLETS—SO THIS HAS TO WORK!



THEY THINK I'M A HEAP BIG MAGICIAN! THEY DON'T KNOW I SPREAD OUT THE BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER I FOUND IN THE FORT, TO DRY! WHEN THAT TORCH HIT IT, IT EXPLODED! I'VE HELD THEM OFF—BUT NEXT TIME WHEN THEY COME IN, WE'RE DONE FOR...!



WITHIN AN HOUR, THE APACHES RE-GROUP AND CHARGE IN—



AND THEN, THE SHARP, HIGH NOTES OF A BUGLE SOUND ON THE DRY AIR...

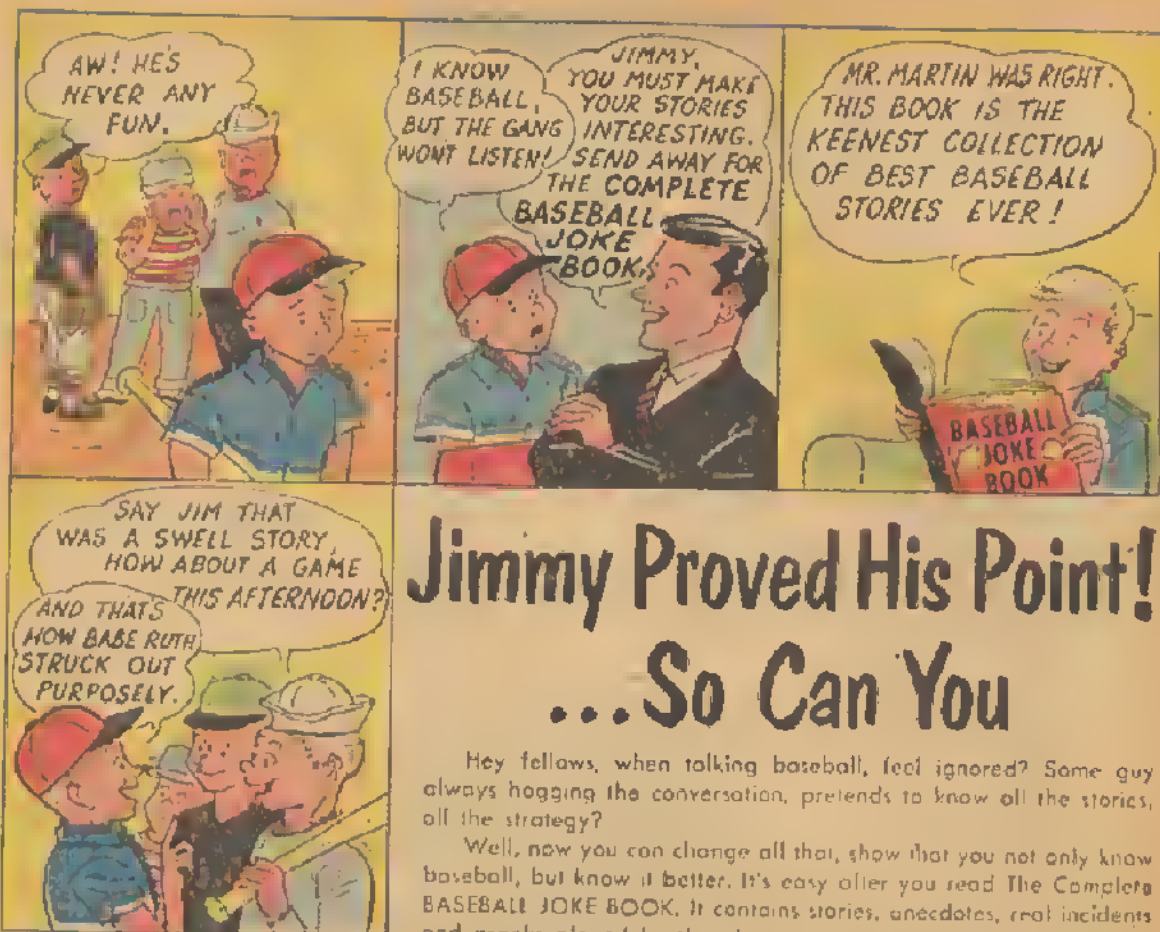


THE CAVALRY! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND ONE OF OUR MESSAGE BALLOONS AND COME AT THE GALLOP!

I CAN LEAVE NOW! I GUESS OLD FORT APACHE IS DEAD FOREVER... FOR EVEN ITS "GHOST" IS GOING TO LEAVE IT!



THE END



Jimmy Proved His Point! ...So Can You

Hey fellows, when talking baseball, feel ignored? Some guy always hogging the conversation, pretends to know all the stories, all the strategy?

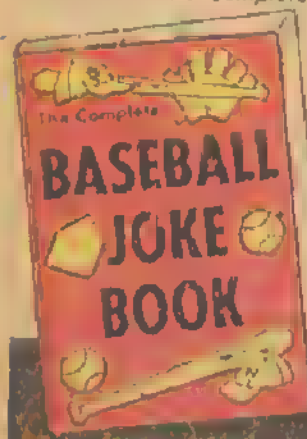
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MONEY
FIRST
TRY
10
DAYS**

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LOOK-LOOK PREMIUMS or CASH

LOOK-LOOK PREMIUMS or CASH

BE FIRST

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Boys Girls Ladies Men

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Our 58th Year

RECEIVE-PREMIUMS-CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES
ACT NOW - BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON

WATCHES

OUR 58th YEAR

SEND NO MONEY - WE TRUST YOU - ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with **White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in catalog sent with your order

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE PREMIUMS or CASH

ACT NOW

BE FIRST

**BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN**



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**BE FIRST
ACT NOW**

BE FIRST



58th YEAR

ACT NOW

BE FIRST - ACT NOW PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

Mail Coupon

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ST..... R.D. BOX.....
TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....
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